

ANIMAL

COMICS

10¢
No. 9
JUNE, JULY

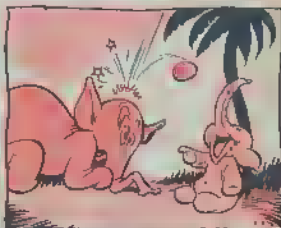
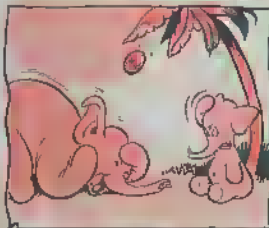
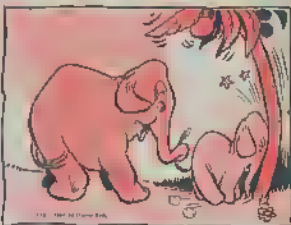
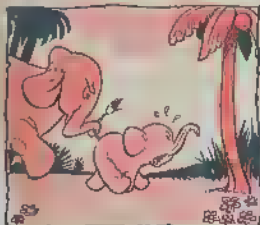
• 100% DELIVERED •
DELL
• 100% DELIVERED •





**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

Elephunnies



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UNCLE WIGGILY

by
Hanna R.

Sh-h-h!

gzzzzzz
brezzzzzz

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OOM! IT'S FALLING,
SAMMIE

IT WON'T... IF WE
RUN FAST ENOUGH!



LOOK! IT'S COMIN' UP!

OH, UNCLE WIGGILY!

WHAT-?

4

WARRUMPH! SAMMIE LITTLETAIL, HOW
MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU...

NOT TO PLAY AROUND WHERE
I'M TAKING A NAP?

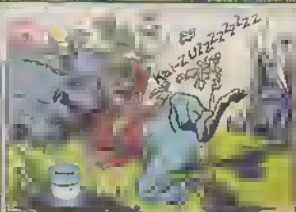
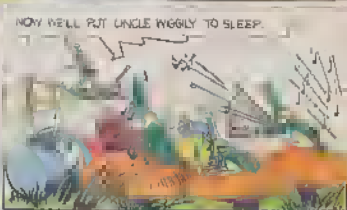
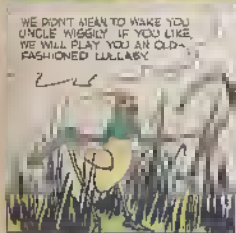
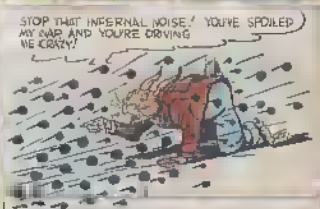
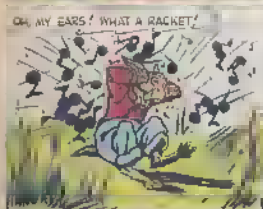
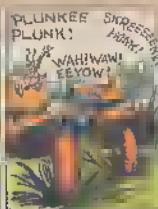
WE'RE SORRY! WE
DIDN'T SEE YOU.

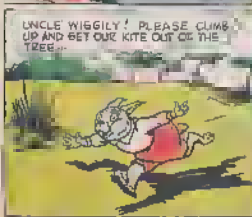
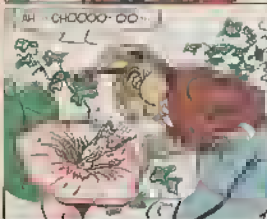
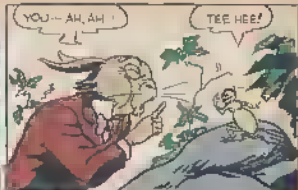
PEACE AND QUIET ARE GETTING HARD
TO FIND NOWADAYS... AND SO ARE
REAL SILK HATS.

2

Ah-buzzzzzzzz
Ah-gzzzzzzzzzz

ACT 1-0492





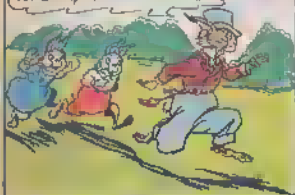
ICE CREAM SANDWICHES! DEELICIOUS
ICE CREAM SANDWICHES...



THERE'S MR. TWISTYTAIL, THE ICE
CREAM MAN! HE'S THE VERY ONE
TO HELP US...



COME ON, SUSIE AND SAMMY



LET'S HAVE 3 ICE CREAM
SANDWICHES AND ALL
YOUR BALLOONS!

CERTAINLY, UNCLE
WIGGILY... BUT WHY
SO MANY BALLOONS?



I'LL SHOW YOU AS SOON AS
I'VE FINISHED THIS



ONE MORE WILL BE
ENOUGH, I THINK.



I'LL TIE IT ON THE
BACK, UNCLE WIGGILY!



WITH HIS BELT BUCKLED
UNDER HIS ARMS, UNCLE
WIGGILY MAKES A HARNESS.

MY! MY! I'M LIGHT
AS A FEATHER!

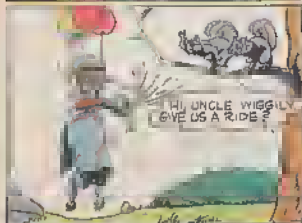
WE'LL HOLD
YOU DOWN.

TILL WE
GET TO THE
TREE.



UNCLE WIGGILY BOUGHT THEM ALL,
SO I'LL LEAVE THE REST HERE.





LOOKEE NURSE JANE! UNCLE
WIGGILY'S JUST A TEENY-WEENY
SPECK IN THE SKY.



DEAR ME! I WONDER IF I
EVER AM GOING TO STOP
RISING.



P. POOR UNCLE WIGGILY-- SOB,
SOB... WE'LL NEVER SEE
HIM AGAIN!



THERE'S A CARRIER WITH THE
AIRMAIL... AH-OY, THERE!



WHY THE S.O.S.? YOU'RE
O.K.!... I'VE NO TIME
TO FOOL AROUND!

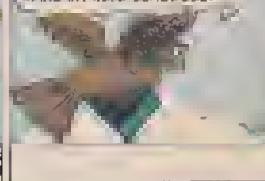
BUT I NEED
YOUR HELP TO
GET HOME!



JUST FLY DOWN TO NURSE JANE AND TELL HER
TO SEND ME A PAIR OF SCISSORS, SPECIAL
DELIVERY, TO CUT ONE OF THESE BALLOONS
LOOSE...



NONSENSE! IF I FLY ERRANDS
FOR EVERYBODY, I'LL NEVER
MAKE MY MAIL SCHEDULE.

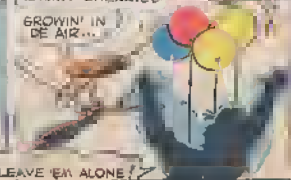


OH, MY EARS AND TAIL... A FLOCK OF WASPS!



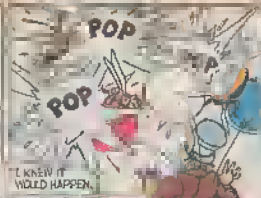
YUMMY! CHERRIES!

GROWIN' IN
DE AIR...



HEY, LEAVE 'EM ALONE!

I'LL TRY A BITE OF THIS
RED ONE

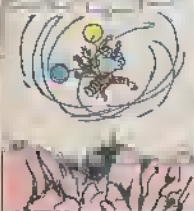


I KNEW IT
WOULD HAPPEN.

OH, DEAR! I'M GOING TO LAND
IN A WILD, ROCKY CANYON
HUNDREDS OF MILES FROM
NOWHERE!



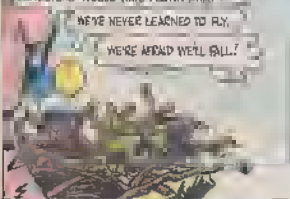
I DON'T MIND THE FALL, BUT IT'S
STOPPING SO SUDDENLY—



SAY... YOU'RE
A FUNNY-
LOOKING
BIRD!



YOU'RE VERY BRAVE LITTLE EAGLES—MOST
YOUNGSTERS WOULD HAVE FLOWN AWAY—



WE'VE NEVER LEARNED TO FLY.

WE'RE AFRAID WE'LL FALL!

I'LL TEACH YOU TO FLY WITHOUT ANY DANGER
OF FALLING.



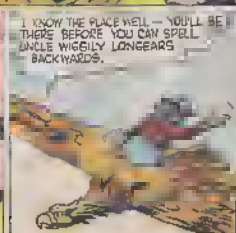
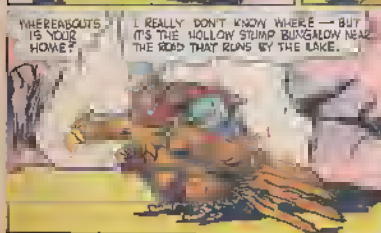
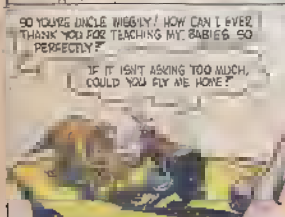
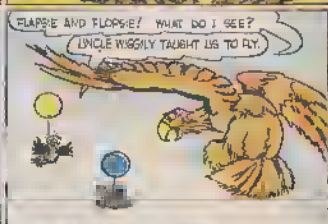
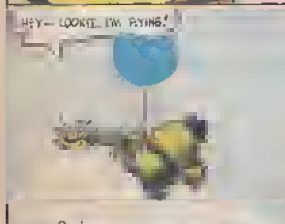
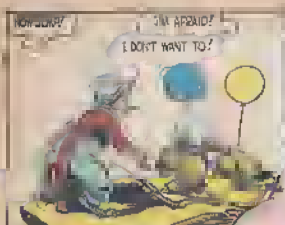
YOU WILL?



HOW'LL YOU DO IT? YOU
HAVEN'T ANY WINGS.



I'LL SHOW YOU... JUST TRUST YOUR
UNCLE WIGGILY...

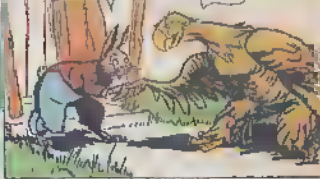


BLESS MY EYES... I MUST BE SEEING THINGS!
IT CAN'T BE UNCLE WIGGILY!



GOODBYE AND MANY
THANKS, MRS. EAGLE

GOODBYE AND THANK
YOU, UNCLE WIGGILY!



UNCLE WIGGILY!
HE'S BACK!

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



WHERE DID YOU GO?

TELL US EVERYTHING!

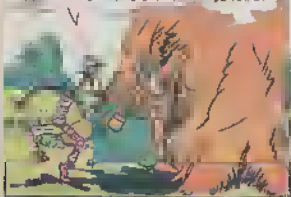
VERY WELL...

I'LL START AT
THE
BEGINNING



WSSST! LET'S SNEAK UP AND HEAR
WHAT OLD LONGEARS IS SAYING...

THAT WON'T
BE HARD.

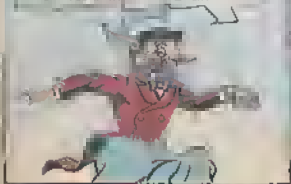


HE SOUNDS LIKE A RADIO ANNOUNCER

QUET!



I KNEW IF I TIED ENOUGH BALLOONS TO MY BELT,
I COULD FLOAT THROUGH THE AIR.

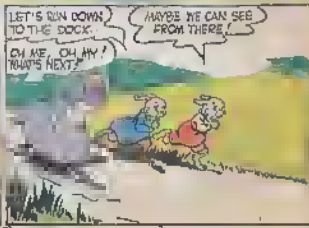
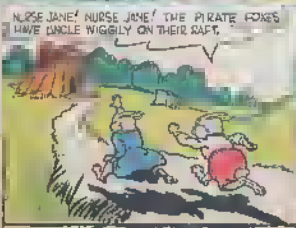
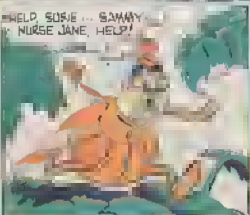


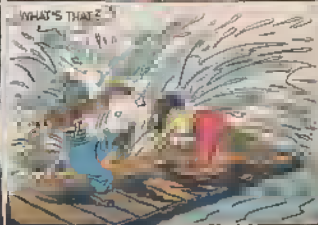
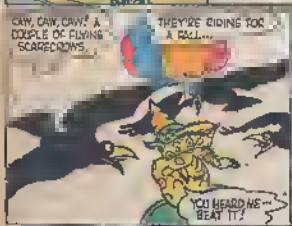
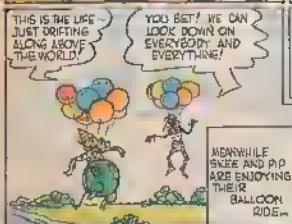
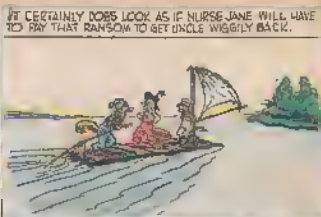
SAY THERE ARE A LOT OF
BALLOONS TIED TO THE
OLD RABBIT'S GATE!

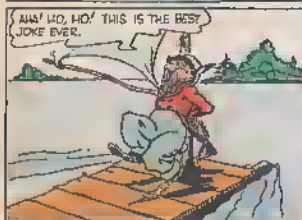
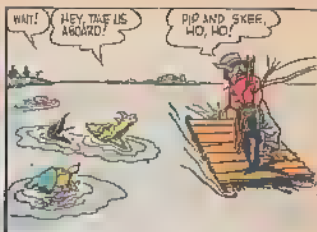
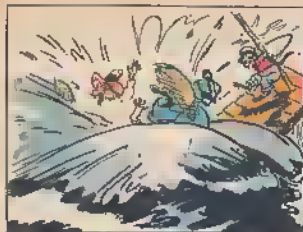
ALL RIGHT! LET'S TRY
THEM AND SEE IF WE'
TELLING THE TRUTH...



A cartoon illustration of a man with a large nose, wearing a red shirt and white pants, crouching in a field. He has his mouth wide open as if shouting. A speech bubble above him contains the text: "BUT JUST NOW I MUST FORGIVE MY SNAPE--". The background shows a simple landscape with green bushes and a yellow field.







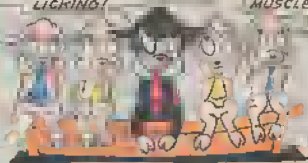
Blackie

HOW TO OUTSMART A WOLF

CODE: FAMOUS
1944 studios

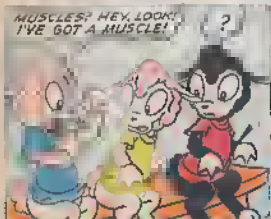
GOSH, THAT WOLF IS AN AWFUL
NUISANCE! I WISH WE WERE STRONG
ENOUGH TO GIVE HIM A GOOD
LICKING!

YEH, TOO BAD
WE DON'T
HAVE ANY
MUSCLES.



MUSCLES? HEY, LOOK!
I'VE GOT A MUSCLE!

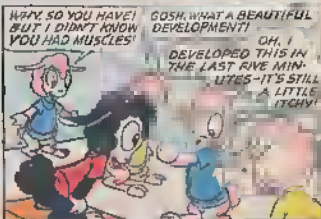
?



WHY, SO YOU HAVE!
BUT I DIDN'T KNOW
YOU HAD MUSCLES!

GOSH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL
DEVELOPMENT!

OH, I
DEVELOPED THIS IN
THE LAST FIVE MIN-
UTES-IT'S STILL
A LITTLE
ITCHY!



ITCHY? WHY, THAT'S
A MOSQUITO
BITE!

HA,
HA, HA!

WELL, MAYBE
IT IS, BUT
ISN'T IT A
BEAUT?



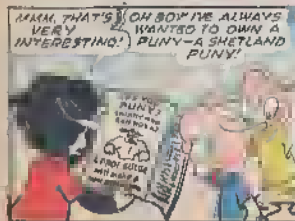
YEH, BUT WE CAN'T LICK
THE WOLF WITH A MOSQUITO BITE!
I'LL HAVE TO FIGURE
A—

HEY
BLACKIE,
LOOK
AT THIS!



WOW, THAT'S
VERY
INTERESTING!

OH BOY I'VE ALWAYS
WANTED TO OWN A
PUNY-A SHETLAND
PUNY!



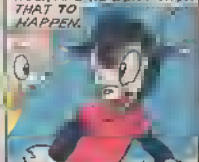
NO, THAT ISN'T WHAT
IT MEANS... SAY, I THINK
WE'LL GO SEE PROFESSOR
BULGE!



PROF BULGE PROMISES WE'LL
HAVE MUSCLES JUST LIKE HIS,
AFTER WE FINISH HIS SPECIAL
TWO HOUR COURSE!

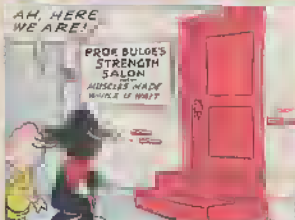
LET'S TAKE TWO TWO
HOUR COURSES... THEN
WE'LL BE SURE OF
LUCKING THE WOLF!

NO, ONE COURSE WILL BE
ENOUGH-WE MIGHT GET
TOO STRONG AND KILL
WOLF, AND WE DON'T WANT
THAT TO
HAPPEN.



AH, HERE
WE ARE!

PROF BULGE'S
STRENGTH
SALON
MUSCLES MADE
WHOLE IS WAIT



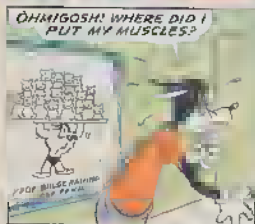
OH, OH!
CUSTOMERS

KNOCK!
KNOCK!

IF YOU
DON'T
DO
IT
NOW
YOU
WILL
BE
A
PAIN
COLLECT



OHMIGOSH! WHERE DID I
PUT MY MUSCLES?



I'M ALWAYS MISLAYING
THOSE THINGS-AH,
HERE THEY ARE!

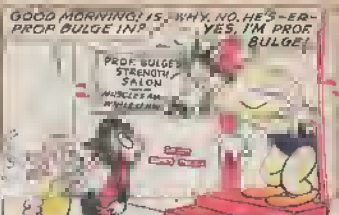


I'D BETTER HURRY OR THOSE
SUCKERS MIGHT CHANGE THEIR
MINDS!

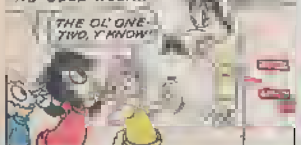


AH, NOW I'M
READY!





WELL, ER, WE THOUGHT WHY, OF OUR E. YOU MIGHT BUILD US UP SO THAT WE CAN LICK A CERTAIN NO-GOOD WOLF... I'LL BUILD YOUR BICEPS UP IN NO TIME! COME IN!



WELL, WE'RE NOT WORRIED SO MUCH ABOUT BICEPS... ALL RIGHT, THEN. MUSCLES! WHAT WE WANT ARE MUSCLES!



BOYS, I PROMISE YOU'LL BE JUST LIKE ME WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH YOU! ALL EXCEPT THAT MUSTACHE! WE DON'T WANT THAT!



FOLLOW ME, BOYS! INSTEAD OF MAKING MEN OF THEM, I'LL MAKE DELICIOUS LAMB STEW OF THEM!



SO THIS IS WHERE WE GET BUILT UP? YES, IN MY GYMNASIUM I CAN MAKE A SAMSON OUT OF A SINGER MIDGET!



OKAY! FIRST WE'LL HAVE A
BRISK WORKOUT ON THE
"HORSE"—FOLLOW ME!



UPSY
DAISY!



OOOF!



UPSY
DAISY!



UPSY
DAISY!

UPSY
DAISY!

WHAT
DO WE
DO
NOW,
PROFESSOR?

GET
OFF!



G!!PWW

HEY,
LOOK!



PROFESSOR, LOOK!
YOUR "HORSE" HAS
A MUSTACHE, TOO!

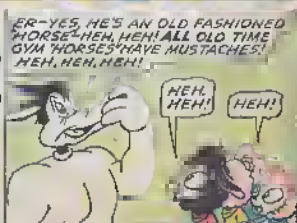
FUNNY
WE
DIDN'T
NOTICE IT
BEFORE.

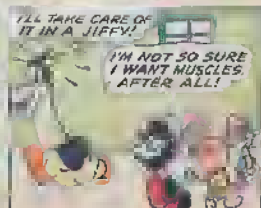
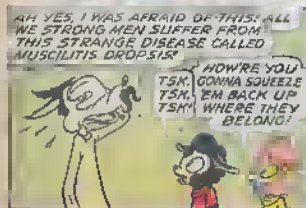
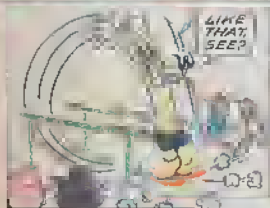
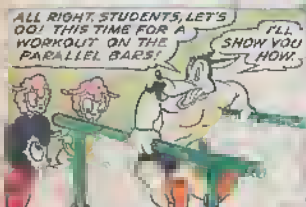


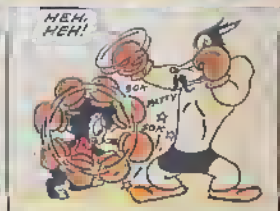
ER-YES, HE'S AN OLD FASHIONED
"HORSE"—HEH, HEH! ALL OLD TIME
GYM "HORSES" HAVE MUSTACHES!
HEH, HEH, HEH!

HEH,
HEH!

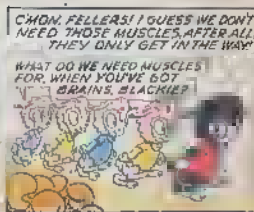
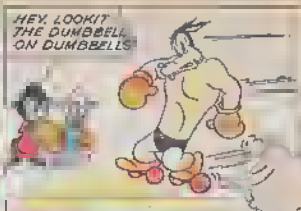
HEH!











OL' ALBERT

is
really a

Deer

BLESS MA LIL' OL'
SE'F—DAT'S A FEMALE
DEER CHILE WIF A
LUNCH BASKET!



YOO HOO, LIL' OL' DEER CHILE!
WHERE YOU BOUND FO, HONEY, AN'
WHATEVAH COULD BE YO SWEET NAME?



MY PRIVATE NAME IS UPSYDAISY,
AH IS BRINGIN' MY UNCLE ANTLER
A BASKET OF GOODIES BECAUSE
IT JUST NATURALLY IS HIS
BIRTHDAY!



WELL, WELL, UPSY
DAISY, ALLOW A
GENTMAN TO
CARRY YO' BAS-
KET FO' YOU!



VERY WELL, YO' GREAT BIG
PROTECTIVE MAN, BRING UP DE
YOU! AH IS GOIN'
OHAN THIS WAY



IT SURE IS FRIENDLY THAT
AH MET YOU, MR.—UH—MR—
WHAT DID YOU EVAH SAY
YOUR NAME WAS?

MUNCH, CRUNCH, YOM!
MMM! AH IS A FELLER
NAME OF ALBERT.

ALBERT!

WHY, MERCY ME!
THAT'S THE NAME
OF A NOTORIOUS
ALLIGATOR!

BUM!

MA VERY OWN GRACIOUS! ARE
YOU AN ALLIGATOR?

IS AH A WHUT?
NO, MAMI AH
IS MERELY A
RHINOCERUST.

OH—AH APOLOGIZES!
AH WOULDN'T KNOW
A ALLIGATOR FROM
A RHINOCERUST.

AH ACCEPTS YO'
APOLOGY! YO' KIN
ALLUS TELL A
GATOR BY HIS
HORNS, MAM!

MA SAKES! AH NEVER HAVE
SEEN MA UNCLE ANTLER,
—BUT HE WROTE ME A
SWEET LETTER.

AN' HE SAID THAT
THIS ALBERT TH'
ALLIGATOR IS A
NO GOOD NO COUNT
THIEF AN' A TRAMP
TO BOOT!

WHUT'S DAT?

WHY, I'LL
BUST HIM
IN DE
NOSE!

DO YOU MEAN YOU'LL JUST
NATURALLY PUNCH THIS OL'
GATOR IN THE NOSE 'CAUSE
YOU HATES A CROOK AND
A THIEF?

ULP—UH—
WHY—
NATCHERALL
AH DO!

HALT AN' STOP MA CHILE-AH JES
REMEMBER DE PRESIDUMP OF THE
UNINETY STATES IS COMIN FO'
LUNCH-AH GOTTA GO.



WELL, THANK YOU FO'
CARRYIN' MA BASKET-
WHY, POWDER MA
NOSE-IT'S EMPTY!



AH MUST HAVE
LOST ALL THOSE
GOODIES!

YO' MUST OF
SHD' NUFF-
DOOM
OYE, UPSY
DAISY.



OH, DEAR ME! KWATEYAH
WILL AH DO?
MA UNCLE
ANTLER IS
EXPECTIN'
ME, AN' AH
LOST THOSE
BIRTHDAY
GOODIES!



MA SAKES, BUMBAZINE' PEARLS
LIKE SOME FO' UNFORTUNATE
PUSSON IS A CRYIN' OUT THEY
EYES OUT BEHINE THEM,
BUSHES.

KAN, MAN! AH KIN
HEAR TEARS SPLASHIN'
FUM HERE, POGO!

MMMP! DERE GOES DEM
TWO REE-FORMERS! DEY GONE
DO GOOD ONCEY TOO OFTEN!



WHUTEVER IN DE' WORL' IS DE MATTER,
LIL' DEER CHILE?

AH HAS LOST
ALL MA GOODIES-
THAT AH WAS TAKIN'
TO UNCLE ANTLER
FO' HIS BIRTHDAY!



AH HAS A SNEAKIN SUSPICION!
THAT A GENTLEMAN CALLING
HIMSELF A RHINOCERUST
STOLE MA
THINGS.

WHO DAT PUT
YOU IN
MIND OF?

PUSSON
NAME OF
ALBERT!



THERE'S NO GOODIES AT HOME, BUT AH B'LEEVE AH'LL BE ROBBED AGAIN!



US WILL GO TELL YO' UNCLE ANTLER TO VISIT YOU INSTEAD— DEN NOBODY KIN ROB OL' UNCLE ANTLER! WHUT HE LOOK LIKE?

HE HAS HORNS LIKE TREE BRANCHES AN' HE WEARS A BROWN FUR COAT



US SHO'IS CHARMIN' AN' CONSIDERATE LR. FOLKS!



YOU GO LONG HOME AN' PREPARE A DEE-LICIOUS AND DEE-LIGHTFUL BIRFDAY FO' UNCLE ANTLER



DON' SEND HIM FO' BOUT AN HOUR.



MAN—MAN—DIS IS MADE TO ORDER!



AH WILL MAKE DE MOST OF DIS SITCHERATION!



BRANCHES FO' HORNS.



A BROWN FUR COAT WHUT BLONG TO COUSIN CONCERTINA



AN' AH IS ON MA WAY TO UNCLE ANTLER'S PARTY



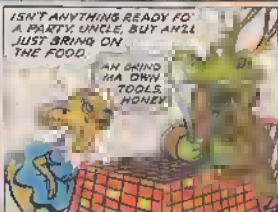
AM DO DECLAH—IF
THAT ISN'T ON UNCLE
ANTLER ROWIN' UP
Y' ALREADY!

HOWDY!
HOWDY!!



MA CHILE, HOW
IS YOU—?

WLO, UNCLE
ANTLER



ISN'T ANYTHING READY FO'
A PARTY, UNCLE, BUT AN'Z
JUST BRING ON
THE FOOD.

AM BRIND
MA OWN
TOOLS,
HONEY



GOD'NESS ME! YOU EAT
AN' EAT AN' EAT! AN' NOW
YOU ARE SHOKIN' DE
WINDOW SHADE FO' A
SEE-GAR!

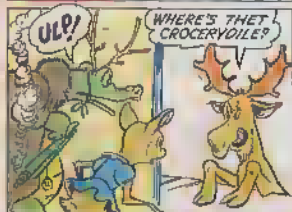
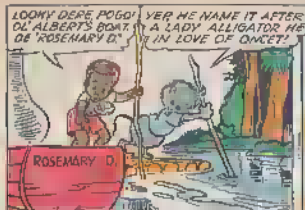
UMH!
DEE-LISHUS
MA CHILE!



YESSIREE! I RECHON YE
YOUNG UNS WERE SMART
SURPRISED TO FIND OUT
UNCLE ANTHER
WAS A NORTH-
ERN MOOSE, HEY



GUESS YE DONT OITAUANYANKEE
DOWN THISAWAY, HEY? COME DOWN
HERE IN NINETEEN-OURT-TWENTY
F'R A ELKS CONVENTION AN'
BEEN HERE EVER SENCE



WHY, UNCLE ANTLER, YOU IS CALL ALBERT A "HOPPIN' FROG." NO SELF SUSPECTIN' GENTLEMAN BATOR KIN STOMACH DEM WORDS, SPEC'LY AFTER A HEAVY MEAL!



VERY WELL, MY SOUTHERN FRIED FRIEND, I NAME'S THE AGE OLD WEAPON OF US NORTHERN MOOSE'S.

HORNS! I WILL SEE YOU ON THE FIELD OF HONOR!

OH, YOU GENTLEMEN FIGHTIN' OVAH ME?



BUMBAZINE, YOU ARE MY SECOND

YO' SECOND WHUT?

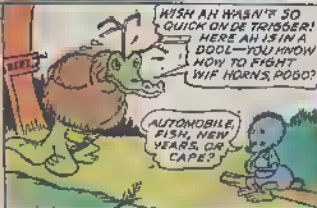


STOP COMPLAININ', POGO—YOU WAS DE ONLY GENTLEMAN LEFT, DAT'S WHY YOU IS MY SECOND.



YEH, BUT DO A SECOND ALLUS ROW DE BOAT P. AN' STOP DRAGGIN' YO' TAIL!

I INNOCENTLY GIT INTO A FRIENDLY ARGUMENT WITH THAT HOT-BLOODED ALLIGATOR, AN' NOW MY LIFE IS AT STAKE—I'M GOIN' BACK TO MAINE!



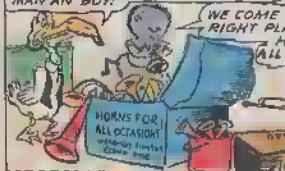
WISH AH WASN'T SO QUICK ON DE TRIGGER! HERE AH IS IN A DOOL—YOU KNOW HOW TO FIGHT WIF HORNS, POGO?

AUTOMOBILE, FISH, NEW YEARS, OR CAPE?



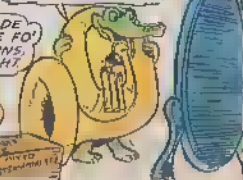
WELL, DERE YOU IS—DE MAN SAY HORNS, BUT DO HE SPECIAL FLY WHUT TYPE? MAN, DEY IS PROBABLE FO-FIVE HUNDRED DIFFERENT KINDS O' HORNS!

YEP, HORNBILL CASEY IS ME—BEEN IN DE HORN BIZNIS FO' THUTTY-SIX YEAR, MAN AN' BOY!



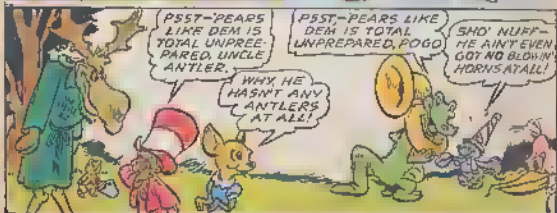
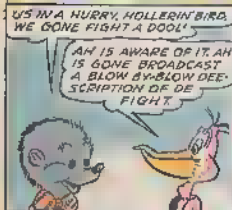
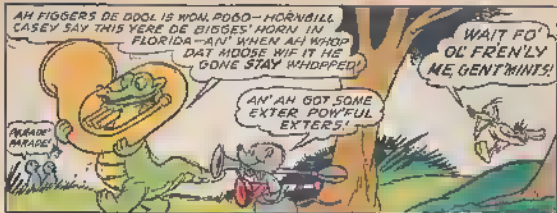
WE COME TO DE RIGHT PLACE FO' HORNS, ALL RIGHT.

AH LOOK'S AWFUL GOOD IN DIS ONE, POGO.



HORNS FOR! ALL OCCASION! whenever you feel like one

HORN BILL CASEY WITTO WOSPESTHUMMIL



AWRIGHT, GENTLMINTS—
40 FEET APART...
TURN YOU BACKS AND
START THE DOOL WHEN
AN HOLLERS "GO!"

GO!

OH MAN! DE
BIG DOOL 'BOUT
SET TO BUST
WIDE OPEN—
MM-MMMM!

ROWR! HERE I COME!

BLOW HARDER, AL-
BERT, YOU ISN'T
MAKIN' AS MUCH
NOISE AS A
TILLY BIRD.

BOOO RAWP! ★

CLANK!

OOP!

ULP!

CRASH! ★

DAT IS UNQUESTIONABLY
DAT, ALBERT... ALL HE
NEED NOW IS A SHOE
HORN FO' EASIN' HISSELF
OUT OF DERE.

AH IS A BORN
MUSICIAN—NO TWO
WAYS 'BOUT IT!

MERCY ME! YOU'RE STUCK
IN A TUBA, UNCLE ANTLER!

A TUBE OF WHAT? I
QUITS—GET ME
OUT OF HERE!

HELP!

HECTOR the Henpecked Rooster

COMPILED BY
FAMOUS
STUDIOS

OH FOR HEEROY BARE HECTOR! ANYONE
WOULD THINK THERE WAS AN ANVIL IN
THAT LUNCH BASKET THE WAY YOU'RE
CARRYING IT!

BESIDES THE ANVIL I THINK
THERE'S A BLACKSMITH
AND 36,450,986
HORSES-DEES IN IT!

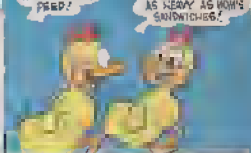


DON'T BE SILLY, SILLY! THERE'S NOTHING BUT SAND-
WICHES IN THAT BASKET. IF WE'RE GOING ON A
PICNIC, WE HAVE TO BRING A LUNCH WITH US!



HOW MANY BOOKS
DID YOU PUT IN
THAT BASKET,
PRED?

NONE! I LOOKED
ALL OVER, BUT I
COULDN'T FIND ANY
AS HEAVY AS MOM'S
SANDWICHES!



AH, HERE'S A NICE SPOT BY THE
LAKE! GIVE ME THE BASKET,
HECTOR!

WHOO!

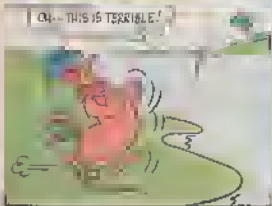


IF I CAN'T GET OUT OF
THIS POSITION - I'M
ALL SORE!

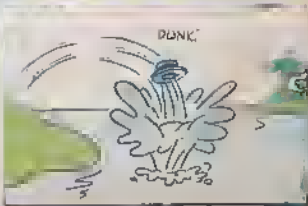
STOP CLOYNING AND GO
FOR A WALK WHILE I
PREPARE LUNCH!

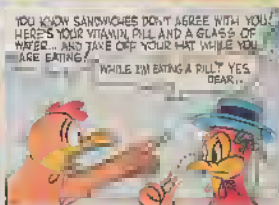
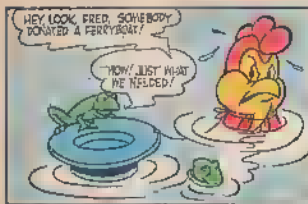


OH - THIS IS TERRIBLE!



DUNK!

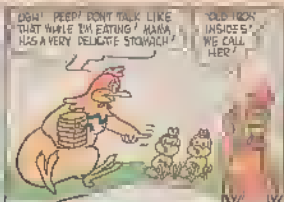




HOW ABOUT A FROG
SANDWICH, MOM?



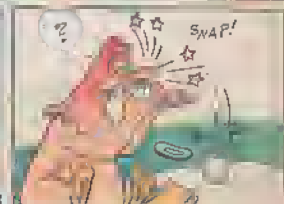
EWW! PEEP! DON'T TALK LIKE
THAT WHILE I'M EATING! MAMA
HAS A VERY DELICATE STOMACH!



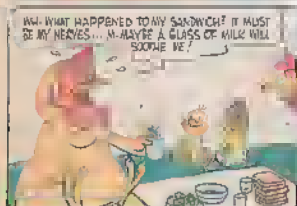
WELL, HERE
GOES NOTHING!



SNAP!



WH-WHAT HAPPENED TO MY SANDWICH? IT MUST
BE MY NERVES... M-MAYBE A GLASS OF MILK WILL
SOOTHE ME!



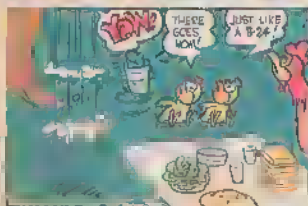
MY NAME IS FRED! I CAME BY
FERRY BOAT!



YAWN

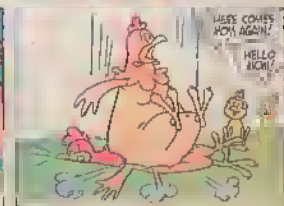
THERE
GOES
NOW!

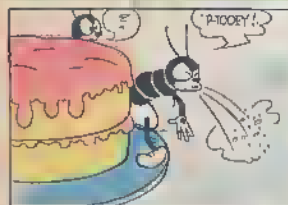
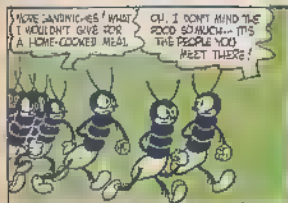
JUST LIKE
A B-24!

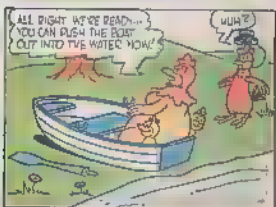
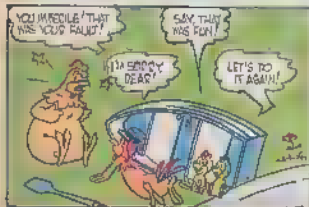
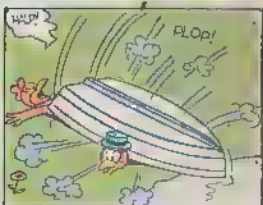
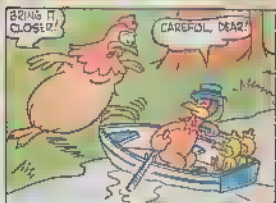


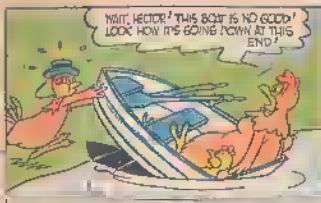
HERE COMES
MOM AGAIN!

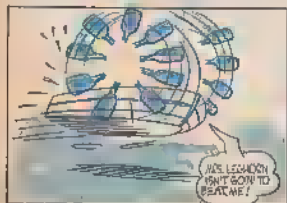
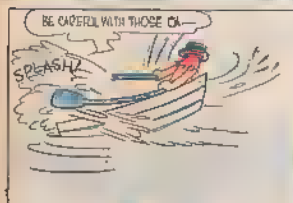
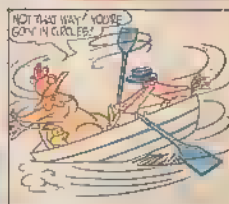
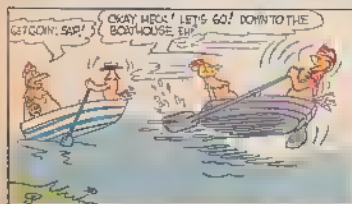
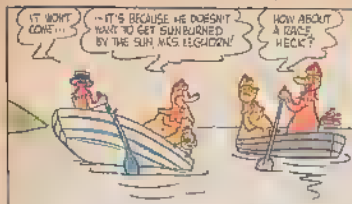
HELLO
MOM!

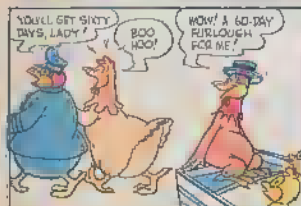
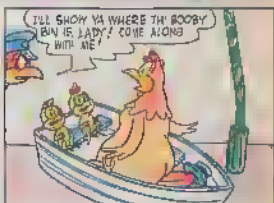
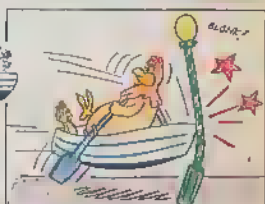
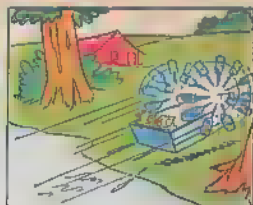
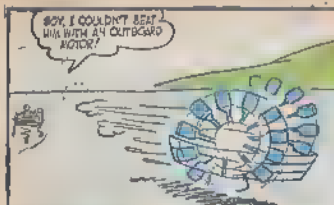


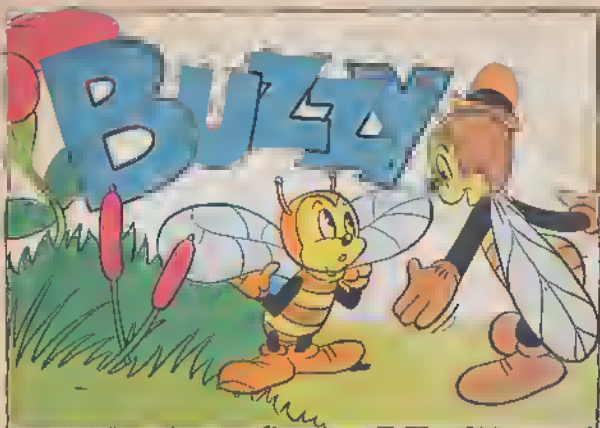












Buzzy was a little baby Bumble Bee. He was a lovely little brown and yellow jacket made of striped velvet, and he had the most beautiful gossamer wings. He liked his jacket and his wings very much, but he was proudest of all of his Stinger, and before he was old enough to fly, he spent whole days sharpening its point so he would be ready for combat duty.

My, but he was happy when the day came for his solo flight. His mother and father both came along to watch. Bu-z-z-z-z-z-z! Off he went into the air. He zoomed and looped. "This is no trick at all," he thought, and up he went, higher and higher, gaining altitude all the while, until at last he could no longer see the ground. When he suddenly realized how far up he was, oh, what a shock! His little heart started to pound and he forgot to flap his wings. Of course as soon as he stopped moving his wings he went right into a tailspin. Around and round he went, falling faster and faster! He shut his eyes tight and prepared for the worst.

Just when things seemed the blackest he heard a familiar buz-z-z-z-z-z-z-z and then his father's voice. "Move your wings, son. You can pull out of this." He opened his eyes and there was his father flying right along beside him!

He felt so glad that he flapped his wings and everything was suddenly quite all right. "Follow me in," said his dad. So Buzzy flew

close behind and did everything his father did until they started in for a landing; then he forgot to put down his feet.

"Drop your feet," his mother called, but Buzzy didn't hear her and came skidding in right on his stomach. They had to get out the first aid kit and put a bandage around Buzzy's tummy. However, there wasn't much damage done, for Buzzy was soon flying about just as good as new, only now he was very careful not to stop moving his wings in the air and to use his feet when landing.

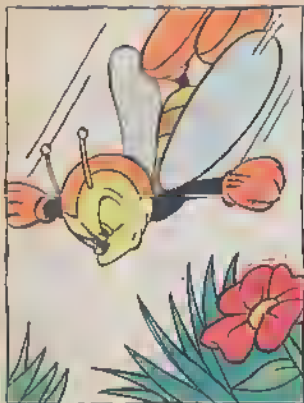
One day after he had put in a few hours flying time and had made a fine three-point landing, his father called him in and said, "I saw that landing. Buzzy, and it was perfect. Do you think you are ready to bring in a load of honey by yourself now?"

"Oh, bay, am I!" shouted Buzzy. "When do I start?"

"Tomorrow at daybreak," his father said. "I won't give you too hard an assignment because it's your first!"

Long before dawn, Buzzy was down at the field waiting for orders. And even after he had taken off, he could hardly believe it was true, that he really was off on a solo mission.

Pretty soon, he saw his objective, a sweet-smelling honeysuckle vine. Quick as a wink, he dropped into a power dive and came in dead on center just as though he were a veteran. He filled up his honey sacks without wasting



"Don't let me catch you near those roses," the Beetle shouted.

"Ha! ha!" scoffed Buzzy, "You couldn't catch me! How can you watch the honeysuckle vine and the rose trellis both at the same time . . . and besides you seem to be kind of stupid, most people would look after their most valuable bush first! My brother is over there now getting a lot of honey from those roses!" This wasn't exactly a lie, even though Buzzy didn't have a brother, because it was a trick on the Beetle.

"A-ha," snorted the Beetle, "I'll fix him," and he started to scurry down the vine. To do this, of course, he had to take his foot off of Buzzy's wing. As soon as he was free, Buzzy soared off into the air. He eluded a couple of times to get his bearings, and then he pointed his stinger at his target and started down. He dropped into a glide so the Beetle couldn't hear his buz-z-e-z-z-e-z-ing. He took one last aim and then, bullseye! . . . he came in dead on target . . . and that Beetle got stung where he'll remember it for a long time!

"Ha hum," said Buzzy, just as though he saw combat duty every day, and zoomed upward. He took his share of honey; then he flew home just as though nothing to speak of had happened.

But I have heard he now wears the Distinguished Flying Cross that the Queen Bee gave him, pinned to his little velvet jacket and that he elicits about in a very grand manner.

a single moment and was just about to take off when a heavy foot came down on his lovely wing.

"Where do you think you're going, Bud?" came a loud voice from behind him.

"Huh!" said Buzzy as he looked right into the face of a very large black beetle.

"Put it back, 'Bud," said the loathsome creature. "This is my vine and all the honey, belongs to me!"

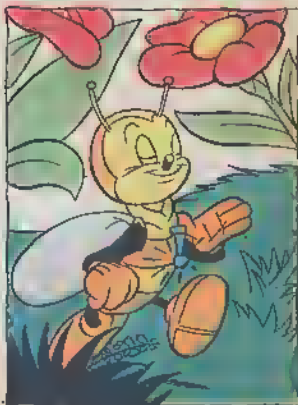
"No, it isn't," Buzzy said firmly. "You can't have a vine all to yourself."

"Who says I can't?" demanded the Beetle, and he took Buzzy by the back of the neck and shook him about, without taking his foot off Buzzy's wing, so you can imagine it hurt Buzzy quite a bit. "Ouch," thought Buzzy, "I must get his foot off my beautiful wing."

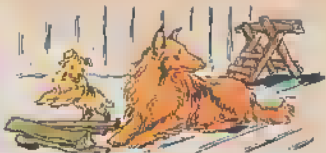
He thought and thought and suddenly . . . Pop! . . . he had an idea. "All right," he said to the Beetle. "I don't mind putting it back. I just eloped here for a snack anyway. I'm on my way to the huge rose trellis that was just planted in this garden yesterday!"

"You can't take anything off that, either," said the Beetle. "Everything in this garden is mine. Where is the rose trellis located?"

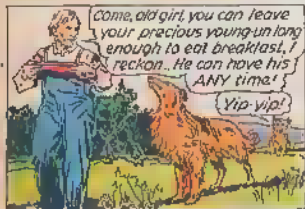
"On the other side of the house," Buzzy answered. Of course you and I and Buzzy know there was no rose trellis at all, for if there had been, Buzzy would have been there instead of in the honeysuckle. But the Beetle believed him!



LION DOG

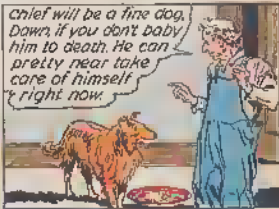


In the woodshed of Old Bert Decker's sheep ranch, Red Dawn, the collie, plays with Chief, her month-old son.



Come, old girl, you can leave your precious young-un long enough to eat breakfast, I reckon. He can have his ANY time!

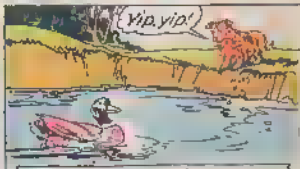
Yip-yip!



Chief will be a fine dog, Dawn, if you don't baby him to death. He can pretty near take care of himself right now.



But Chief is a great dog already, to his own thinking, and the world is a great place to explore

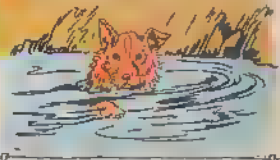


A wild duck, swimming near the river bank, eyes him suspiciously.



Quock, quock!

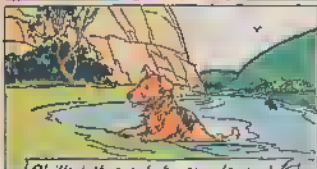
Yip-yi!



Scared but swimming by instinct, Chief keeps his nose above water.

The bank crumbles suddenly, beneath Chief's clumsy feet.

LION DOG



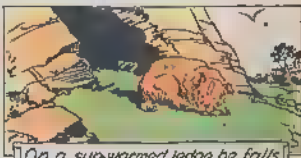
Chilled through, he crawls out onto a tiny beach, far downstream.



After a short rest he shakes off some of the water.



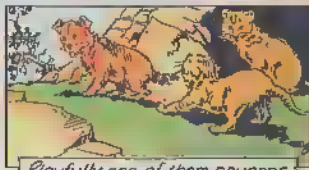
And toils up the steep, rocky bank.



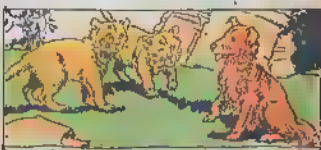
On a sun-warmed ledge he falls asleep, never noticing the dark cave mouth behind him.



But the two cougar kittens are not long in discovering Chief.

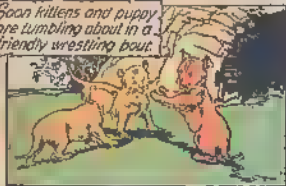


Playfully, one of them pounces on the puppy's white-tipped tail.



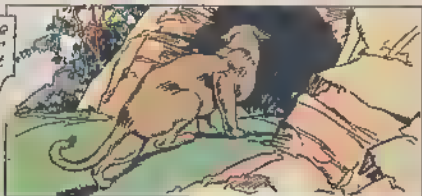
Seeing two awkward, fuzzy creatures of his own size, Chief thrills. NEW PLAYMATES!

Soon kittens and puppy
are tumbling about in a
friendly wrestling bout.



Tiring of that they enter
the cave together

An hour later the
old she-cougar
arrives. The faint
smell of Dog
alarms her.



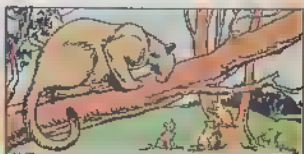
Uneasily she sniffs at the sleeping
youngsters. Her kittens smell like
dog and the puppy smells like cougar.



Giving up the puzzle she washes
all three of them thoroughly.

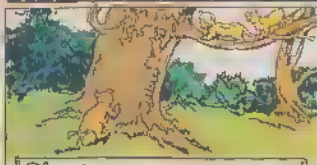


Dinner seals Chie's adoption
into the cougar family.

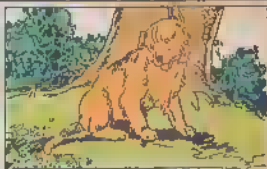


Tree-climbing school follows-with
the mother cougar as school-mistress

LION DOG



The kittens catch on easily, but Chief stays at the bottom of the class.



In the dry leaves the pup hears a rustling.

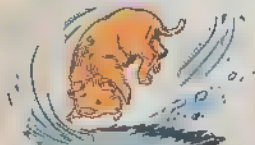


A CHIPMUNK!

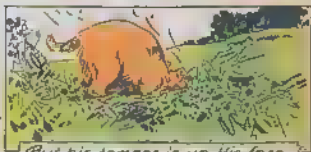
Into his burrow the chippy dives with an insulting chirp



Chirrrrrp!



Chief somersaults, unable to stop.



But his temper is up. His fore-paws make the dirt fly, enlarging the chipmunk hole.

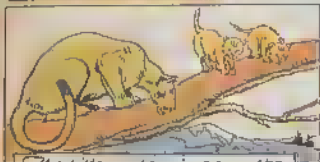


Grrrrrr!

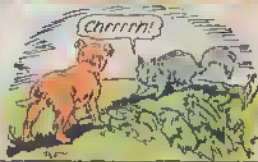
Squeakie-sque-eek!

Victory-by the tail!

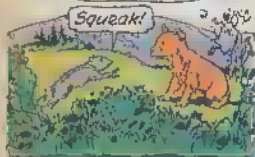
LION DOG



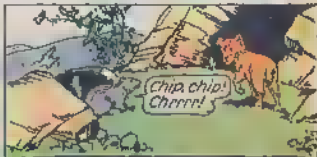
The kittens stare in envy, the mother in delight, at her clever adopted son.



The chippy is the least pleased—and shows it.



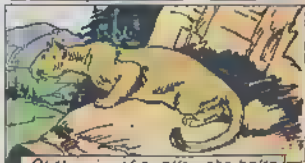
The minute Chief drops him, Chippy jumps straight at the startled pup.



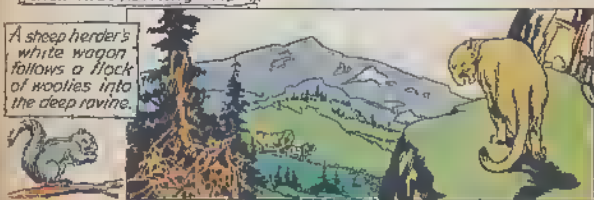
It works! Scared by the little fellow's fury, Chief sneaks back to the den.



The next day, the she-cougar takes her young ones on their first hunting trip.

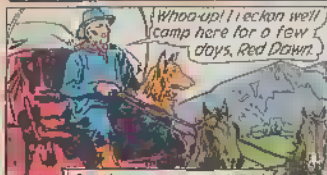


At the rim of a valley, she halts. Strangers have come!



A sheep herder's white wagon follows a flock of woolies into the deep ravine.

LION DOG



Whoa-up! I reckon we'll camp here for a few days, Red Dawn.

On the wagon seat, Old Bert Decker reins in.



Don't see no eagle nests on the rim... Hold on! COUGARS!

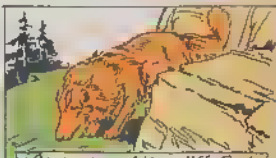
Clear in the telescope's lens appear the three cats-AND little Chief!



Dawn, old girl, if I'm not seein' things, we've located your lost pup! And we'll catch him, too!



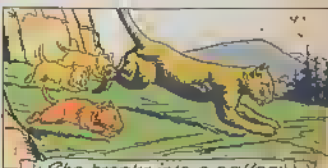
I've heard of cougars adoptin' other critters, but this beats all!



At the top of the cliff, Red Dawn sniffs the cougar's trail-and her puppy's!



Hurrying homeward, the mother cougar hears Dawn's excited yelp.

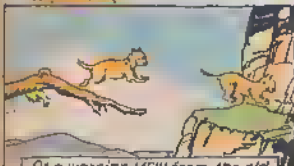
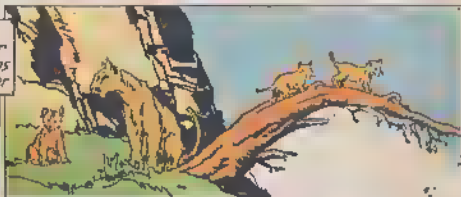


She breaks into a gallop, her young ones at her heels.

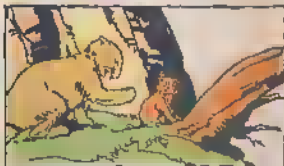


At the brink of a ten foot chasm she stops.
A tree makes a bridge that only a cat can use.

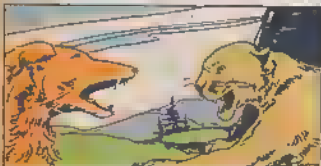
The kittens
remember their
climbing lessons
well—the mother
eyes Chief
anxiously.



At a warning MEW from the old
cat, the youngsters leap to safety.



But Chief hangs back in
spite of a sharp slap



Out of the bushes bursts Red Down.

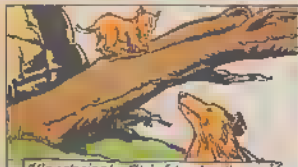


And then Bert Decker.

LION DOG



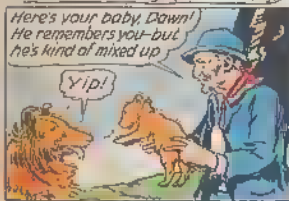
In despair, the old she-cougar leaps the chasm, leaving Chief to his fate.



Wonderingly, Chief looks down at Red Dawn. Something about her is strangely familiar.



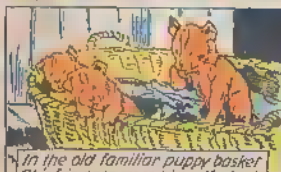
Ha, ha! He thinks he's a cougar for sure after all these weeks—don't you, Chief?



Here's your baby, Dawn! He remembers you—but he's kind of mixed up.

Yip!

I'll carry the little tyke back. He'll forget pretty soon that he ever was a cat.

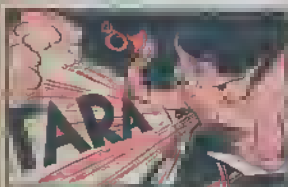
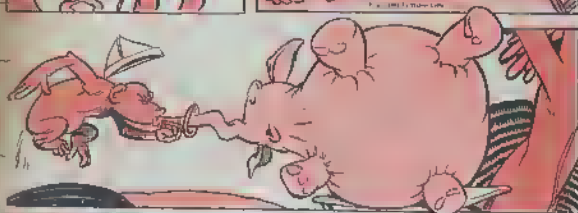
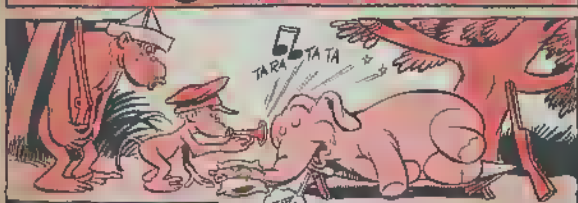


In the old familiar puppy basket Chief is once more himself—but one queer habit remains.



Wetling one paw, with his tongue, he scrubs his face clean—just like a cat.

MONKEY BIZ



elephunnies

